



PEPPERELL SHEET



Published by and for the

Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company

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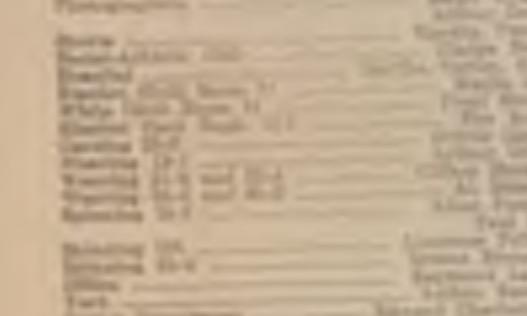
MR. AND MRS. RALPH LEDOUX OF FALL RIVER

PEPPERELL SHEET

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Published Monthly by the Employees
of the Pepperell Manufacturing
Company

MONROVIA MARINE DIVISION
WILMINGTON, MASS.

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The Pepperell Sheet has as a definite aim the promotion of good will and better acquaintances in the great Pepperell family.

**SONGO RIVER TRIP
GREATLY ENJOYED**

On Sunday, June 15, a party of Pepperell employees enjoyed a trip up the Songo River.

To begin with, the day was ideal. Through the courtesy of the captain of the steamer "Songo Lake," it was arranged that those who did not have available cars, from the main office or the Songo Lake station, where the steamer waited for the party, everybody being invited, at 10:45 A. M., we finally sailed every Songo Lake to make the winding river of Songo. It was well named "the crooked river of all rivers," making 27 turns in six miles of setting. What seemed to interest the party so well were the Indians at Frye's Camp, that were quite erratic, and the Songo Lakes all dry and empty. We stood there amazed, looking on, a Indian village we seem to be a dream-bridge



Approx. 100 Pepperell employees of the Monrovia Marine Division, in fact, made the world famous Songo River trip, June 15, 1919. The party of course, for the most part, was more than twice that number.

answering Long Lake. All through the course we paid frequent visits, loud shouting always occurs in each mile of the river, particularly now. If you listened, The crowd would never stop, racing, singing and shouting.

At intervals we made the long narrow bays, passing along at 8:45. Leaving the lake, we were soon connected with the sea and at 10:45 were back to where we started, having visited one of the most beautiful bays in a thousand.

Among those who made up the party were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lippincott and son Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lovins, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Amacher, Mrs. Margaret Curran, Mrs. George Belanger, Mrs. George Kim, George Gould, Lucretia Garrison, Dorothy Gould, Adelma Johnson, Florence Weston, Adeline Connolly, Mr. William Durfee, Frank and Howard Adams, Adelma, Alfred Belanger, Raymond Belanger, Albert Belanger, Vernon Gould, Sam Lorraine, Fredrick Jones, Elsie Doudard, James Langford, Arthur Gaskin.



Joseph Peppercorn of 1919 will probably be surprised to find his name in the "Sheet." Joseph died at 16 Hollywood.

THE MOTHER'S DAY.
Mr. Edward Johnson and Miss Rose Fowley were invited to speak. This popular couple received many beautiful gifts on the occasion and the well-wishes of a host of friends.

MISS STAPLES GIVEN SHOWER.

Miss Eleanor Staples, who had married to Frank Kennedy July 1, was honored as mother at her home on the Clinton road by the staff of the Pepperell office, where she is employed. Miss Staples was presented with a bouquet from them and several attractive articles.

The party then proceeded upstairs where the refreshments were served and remained until after the service which a hotel had arranged for the First Congregational Church. The service was conducted by Rev. Dr. H. C. Hartman, pastor of the church. Following the service, the party adjourned to the home of Miss Staples, where they were given a sumptuous luncheon.

The party then adjourned to a boat house, where the girls rowed the boat up the Songo River.



Miss General Director and little son, Conrad, Jr., 1919, now live in Montreal, where Joe is listed as leader of the orchestra in the Rita Marlow Hotel. Miss Chouteau formerly worked in the engine and is the sister of Mrs. Louis Tuckey and Arthur Peacock of the blanket dept.

Those present were the Misses Genevieve McCaffery, Grace Hause, Dorothy Thompson, Elizabeth McTigue, Juliette Macmillan, Lester York, Emma Overfield, Lucy Baker, Madeline Kilian, Dorothy Lorraine, Jessie McEwan, Julia Belgrave, Estelle Valentine, Anna Foss, Mrs. Eva Miller, Mrs. Annie Nichols, Mrs. Wm. H. Lovett, Roland Lendrum, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kennedy.



Miss Adeline Langford, of Clinton, made up the girls' section for trip up the Songo River.



Jennette and Alice Carlson were bridesmaids at their sister's wedding.

He Didn't Know It Was Ford

Henry Ford, a very early riser, started out in one of his own cars one morning, to inspect an old-type dwelling far out in the country, which he was told would make an attractive addition to his old-fashioned village, or museum. Keeping a slender young man of the working-class type standing at a curb-corner, apparently waiting for someone to give him a lift, Ford stopped and spoke to him. He learned that the young man was from the South, where he had worked extremely hard, and had come North in the hope of doing better. He had found a job at a paper mill, but, being unacquainted with



This is Grand Leblanc at the age of 7 years. Grand is now a big boy who works in 10-2 spinning.



A fine group picture of the Pepperell folks, who enjoyed the Songe River trip on Sunday, June 24.

the roads, had missed his bus and was afraid he would be dropped.

Questioning him, Ford discovered that the youth didn't think much of the industrialness of the average worker he had encountered and that he felt hopeful that by doing all he could each day, he would be able to find a good job. Impressed by the youth's earnestness, cleanliness, and his outlook on life, Ford asked him to jump in and, although it took him twenty miles out of his way, drove him to the paper plant.

Before parting, Ford wrote a name on a slip of paper and handed it over, with the remark, "If you don't get your job, take this slip to this man at Dearborn and I think he will be able to give you a job."

Before Ford had returned to Dearborn, the youth had shown up and duly located Mr. man.

"Who gave you this?" asked the Ford executive to whom it was addressed.

"I don't know," replied the applicant. "He spoke to me out in the country this morning and gave me a lift. He was a thin man, maybe a little over forty."

The executive recognized Mr. Ford's handwriting. Getting in touch with his chief, the executive was told, "See that the young man is given a good job. I think he is made of the right stuff. I want to give him a chance and I mean to keep my eye on him."

Then the identity of his benefactor was revealed to the astonished youth.

—*Forbes Magazine*.

Keep Your Chin Up

If Life has taught me anything at all, it is that the world doesn't give a hoot about your troubles. There are things one must indulge in—when one must indulge at all—in private. The poems who wrote the lines that run something like this: "The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well, but the lift of a single ring far—know her business. If you carry your sorrows on your sleeve, people won't like the way you dress. Carry them in your heart. If you must carry them, but a better plan is not to lug them around at all. It's the courageous, hopeful attitude toward life that wins. The thing to do when one is confronted with what appears to be insurmountable trouble is to put the future out of your mind for a while and think back to the times when you were similarly distressed. You're still here, aren't you, and the obstacles of the past have been re-

moved. The future will soon be the past—your present outlook is something which is momentary—nothing can defeat a man but his own imagination. It will all come out in the wash just as it always has been.

MY MOTHER

My heart is ever turning back
To my boyhood home, not far away,
Where in my early youth,
My Mother taught me first to pray.
I often feel the tender clasp
Of her, who's not long been laid away,
And hear the whisper of those saluted lips
That taught me first to pray.
I sometimes dream she kneels
With me at close of day,
As in my early youth, when first
She taught me how to pray.
I know her spirit over us hover,
To guide us night and day,
And often I am led to think
Heaven's not so far away.
Those living hands are missing now
That wiped my tears away,
Yet often now I feel the touch of her
Who has not long been laid away.
I know her prayers were always heard,
They could not go astray;
Lord, bless these angel Matheus,
Who taught us first to pray.

Prospective Purchaser: "What have you in the shape of automobile tires?"

Ethel: "Funeral wreaths, life preservers and doughnuts."

Blender: "Say, Phil, what is an iceberg?"

Phil: "Why, it's sort of a permanent wave."



The smiling young man, whose head is turned facing the camera is more sober than Jerome Sabourin of the Boat Songe River trip.



A good photograph of the Hotel Naples, at Naples, Maine. Picture taken by A. E. Guerin.

HEARD ABOUT THE PLANT

OFFICE NOTES

Vacation days are here again, so Miss Enna Kearney went to New York for a couple of weeks of rest. Enna says that people may think it's funny for anybody to go down to New York for a rest, they say it's so noisy. Well, where I went it was supposed that you could hear the auto walking in daytime, and at night time you could hear what your neighbor was thinking.

A reward has been offered to anybody that can get a ride in Miss Connie Hartley's roulette. By that we don't mean that she's always or anything like that, oh, no, just—try and get one.

Possenti: We found the reason how the Standard Bidwell Talc Powder Co. had made a million dollar profit last year.



This is George Bissell who has charge of making up the payroll at Pepperell, while walking along the street he met a camera and it emerged how up it looks as though George was smoking a pipe but he isn't. He is the manager of the Bidwell Foundation.

It seems that there were seven soldiers missing around Biddeford Pool and Old Orchard Pier. They name Alibey as Ward master and makes an instant report from a square. They run under wings in the popular and throw in into the Bass River, unfortunately, the swimming party failed to get out into the water wings, consequently the drowning victim was drowned.

The Sun Square was so angry at this terrible offense that she immediately put a court on Biddeford and Bass, which would make the trials necessary, the trials operate in three days, and wouldn't prevent the use of eight miles and less.

We actually believe her to be quite right again for woman's opinion, according to Eddie Baker and Emma Keeney.

Police had current answer:

Why does Raymond's left arm windguard continually get smashed?

We welcome Paul Morris to the Production Department.

The mystery has at last been solved about the light in Possenti House's cellar on Orchard Street. Possenti has been working on a labor saving device which is now nearly complete. He says it will do away with six men, and that's just too bad for the six men. But, Possenti also says it will take seven men to operate it. So it must be a good invention. But we are still in a daze to know what this new invention really is.

WINDING 26-B

Congratulations are offered to Edward Neustad, second-hand, on the addition to his family on May 26, of a baby girl. Since then, Eddie has been making numerous trips in celebration of the event.

The girls of the room are going on a picnic Friday, to Old Orchard Beach. After the girls had packed their bags, they found out Ruth Frazee had no cover. The girls went into a huddle and voted that Ruth should have Oma Mowea accompany her.



The young girls who organized 1930 the 26th, in Old Orchard, daughter of M.A. The picture was taken in Canada where she was on her vacation with her father and mother. The other girls in the picture are Dorothy. The developing of this picture was done by Anne Tolson of M.A. residence, S.A. College.

Louise Lachance is getting to be a sort of radio bug, since he bought a new radio. What is the programme for tonight, Baline?

Athollette Arvil got tangled in the all-hair, and before she could be freed the hook had to be cut.

Rose Bergeron tells the boys she is going to teach each and every girl how to bowl when they arrive at Old Orchard.

Christee Lenoir has returned to work in SMC.

SPINNING 15-2

Paul Bain had a nice ride in a wheelbarrow, but he doesn't remember it. Do you, Paul?

Lena was at the beach last Friday night sitting on a bench and singing. "Not the beach, get the park, but I haven't got you." We wonder who the boy was?

Annette Gaudreault is as frisky about her boy friends that we wouldn't be surprised if she became an old maid.

Annette Lannenverre is making dates with fellows from all over the country. Her latest is a boy from California.

Fernanda Garde is quite a musician. She says she can play a radio better than any person employed in the room.

Albert Cote challenges any horseshoe player in the mill to compete against him for the championship of the mill, which he claims he now holds.

We know why Yvonne is always singing, "I'm through with love." You boy, Yvonne.

BLANKET CLOTH ROOM

Lelia, Genevieve, Josie and Ruth M. report a pleasant time at Mission Lake.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Francis Murphy is improving after his accident.

We are surely very proud of the new office in this department.

The girls gave a miscellaneous shower to Alice Gauthier at her house. She received many presents. The members of the Cloth Room gave her a set of 25 pieces of silverware. Her wedding took place June 29.

Raymond surely can set a fast pace when he gets into his car. Ask Doris, she will tell you.



This picture of Mrs. Louise Beard, was taken some years ago. Since certainly have changed.



All smiles! These girls of 15-1 appear to be having a good time. From left to right: Mrs. Mirandy Mariel, Mrs. Rose Thibodeau, Miss Adrienne Gaudreault and Miss Laurine Soulaire.

Zoie doesn't seem to know the difference between a pan and a tea-pot. At any rate she didn't wake up to the lake. Perhaps there was a reason. How did the coffee taste, girls?

CARDING 11-3

We wonder where Fred Delarge got that beautiful uniform last Sunday. We think he got that at the beach, but Fred told us different. He claims that when he goes to the beach, he buys a box of popcorn and sits under the pier and eats the popcorn, and when it is all gone he returns home.

We would like to know why Evelyn L. watches the calendar so closely. It appears to us that the time seems long for some reason.

There is no danger of any one walking away with our cloth.

We would like to know if Maria A. likes her new kitchenette.

We hear Dave Adams is going to stop chewing tobacco. That's good news.

We are glad to welcome Blanche R. back with us after a week's absence.

Miss Ivy M. is going on a two weeks' vacation. She will visit relatives in Massachusetts.

Arthur H. bought a new bathing suit. Will this bathing suit get wet this summer.

SPINNING 14-4

J. T. is so small that when she takes a bath, she is afraid she will go down the pipe.

If you want to meet the best singer and best dancer in the mill visit 14-4. She is known by the initials F. M.

Since H. L. left our room, H. B. has not been the same. Come on, girls, try and cheer him up.

Harry C. tells us how he always takes his girl to Five Points to buy her an ice cream. They are 2 for 5c.

NOTICE: If your name appears in the following columns, please do not feel hurt—just give me a good smile.

What is going on in this department?

P. Stevens, our second-hand, has been working overtime lately; the reason for this was he wanted to get on the Songo River trip, and he had to earn his passage.

Clarie is keeping herself very clean.

Louise R. is wearing stockings.

Marta L. tells us she likes spinning.

V. Bartley is keeping a good account of



Charm—Agnes Austin and Ernestine Abbott, of Cloth room 14 are seen enjoying the refreshing breeze of the ocean.



THE HOTEL VESPER CREW OF 1919.
How many folks can the old-timers remember? We recognize Mrs. Dick Rhodes, who was a waitress, Mr. Allen Coker, clerk, and last but not least, Sept. Leon E. Macomber, bellboy extraordinary. He is at the extreme right of the picture.

NO. 19 MILL CLOTH ROOM BY PEARL MURPHY

When Virgin mega pajamas, Annette Archambault wears pajamas. At the beach or at work, what does it matter? Annette believes in keeping cool in spite of what others might have to say.

Kate and Dan will have to ride with "Old Dutch" no more to come to work. Dan has purchased a new Ford. If they run out of gas, will Ruth tie a rope on the road and run down Alfred Street?

It is very seldom that Arthur Cormier takes a day off, and that is generally when he attends a wedding. Arthur relishes his always manages to be in the next morning.

And then there is Lawrence and Billy who took a trip up the St. John River. They enjoyed every mile of the way and did not miss any of the pleasurehouse scenery. They were able to tell us about it, even to the smallest detail.

We have heard that Alice Hard is quite

taken up with a certain scene one on the Mountain Road. Is this true, Alice?

Wedding bells will soon be ringing for Adrien Bourassa. Although Adrien has been keeping this a secret, we are sure he won't mind a few friends knowing it.

Arthur Bourne has left for a two weeks vacation which will take him through Canada. With a few of us could join you, Arthur.

Agnès Simard had the misfortune to sprain her ankle while in Lewiston a few weeks ago. Although Agnès is better now, she tells us she is going to watch her step in the near future.

"Special Dispatch to the Pepperell Sheet." Hear the winding, grinding, noisy sound. No wonder you all turn around, Only to spy Mr. Adams, our hero, But he isn't bad and the noise, That's the sound of the new watch.

18-5 SPINNING

Lucienne P., we are glad to know the cost about your permanent. Luckily we saw you stick your head in the spinning machine twice a day.

Mr. Alce Gaudreault announces his engagement to Miss Rose Gagné. We hope the wedding bells will soon be ringing.

Edgar H. will try and sell the sun-tan cream at Old Orchard this summer.

Catherine G., the next time you go fishing wear the Jewelry costume dress and try the hardware counter and find a knife sharp enough.

COTTON HOUSE

John Belliveau, Frank Martel, Annie Martel, Rose Martel, George Lemay, Louis Niel, Elie Miller and Edouard Létourneau were some of the citizens present which played in Billeford recently.

Elaine was the only one who answered in getting in the show by giving under the book.

George Lemay is supposed to be French, but we would be in trouble because he did the majority of his business in English.

Elaine didn't want to write a thing, so he asked me for the day.

Elaine Parker attended the wedding of his nephews July 8, and he received a good time.



The speed boat "Miss Belvoir" as she appeared on the St. John River trip.

"Dearest Mary," wrote George, who was hopelessly in love; "I would give the mighty ocean for one glass of pure dear milk. I would walk through a wall of fire for one touch of your little hands. I would give the widest stream in the world for a kiss from your lovely lips. As always yours George P. B. will be over tonight if I don't risk."

The gang were very glad to hear of the good fortune of Tim Dineen, who was a favorite memory of this department. Tim was one of the lucky winners in the Daily sweepstakes in London. The ticket was good for \$400.

A rock Housie says a genius is a guy who can convince his wife that the blood stains on his coat were never into the material.

Do you were born in Ireland, Jim. What part? All of me.

Speaking of Jim, we think he intends to open up a take shop in the near future. He has the overhead all ready.

Things that Joe Lee shouldn't do: Ride an merry-go-round, play in the sand, ride home with strange girls, and last of all, he shouldn't be afraid of flash-lights.

Here is one for Ripley, Jack Lee punched himself on the nose and made it bleed, believe it or not.

During the recent fire Higgins was the only one who did not go. He claims it was too far. Wouldn't mind if it was a long distance, but it was right near his house.

As this goes to press Lewis Noel is planning a two weeks vacation to Canada. We are in hopes to tell about his trip in the next month's issue. The going would like to go and keep him company as he won't get lost.

Congratulations to Jack Lee. Jack celebrated the 25th anniversary of his wedding June 25. Best of luck, Jack.

The Ten Little Workers

10 Little Workers, standing in a line,
One pulled a foolish stunt.
Then there were 9.
9 Little Workers had to relate,
One stepped on a nail.
Then there were 8.
8 Little Workers, thought not of heaven,
One used a broken ladder.
Then there were 7.
7 Little Workers, in an awful fix,



Rose Anne Belvoir has a large number of friends at Pepperell.

One wouldn't guard his eyes,
Then there were 6.
6 Little Workers, said "Let 'er drive,"
One stopped a flying chip.
Then there were 5.
5 Little Workers—open trap door,
One took a tumble.
And that left 4.
4 Little Workers, busy as could be,
One tried to light his pipe.
Then there were 3.
3 Little Workers, with much work to do,
One filled the moving gears.
Then there were 2.
2 Little Workers, after work was done,
Didn't use the hand mill.
Then there was 1.
1 Little Worker learned from their fate
It pays to think of safety
Before it's too late.

Just Say, "I'm Doin' Fine."

There ain't no use in kickin', Boss,
When things don't come your way;
It does no good to holler "round,
And grumble night an' day.
The thing to do is do your work,
Cut out yer little whines,
And when they ask you how you're doing,
Just say, "I'm doing fine."

There ain't no bone alive, but what
Is knockin' to get his shape;
There ain't no bone that doesn't
From old trouble get his raps.
Just trust with the bunch, old boy,
And see how you will shine,
And when they ask you how you're doing,
Just say, "I'm doing fine."

Your heart may be just bursting
With the things you'd like to do,
But keep your worries to yourself,
And you can fight them through.
The old shop laughs at bairnshippin', Boss,
Be they your own or mine,
So when they ask you how you're doing,
Just say, "I'm doing fine."



The young lady in the foreground is Miss Gladys Hamill, secretary of the Social Club and organizer of the one up the Longs River, while in the background we have Miss Florence Johnson of Worcester, 17-2 and Arthur Gurney of the General Office who took all these nice pictures.



This is the steamer "Goodridge" on which the Pepperell party sailed.

COMMON SENSE

AND ELECTRICITY

Common sense is all that any one need use in order to keep electricity—the safest, most faithful and dependable of helpers—in his place in the home.

1.—If protective covering has failed because of wear and tear, because of defect, or has temporarily become ineffective due to watermaking, a dangerous shock may be received by a person with hands wet as damp who touches a metal socket, electrical appliance or anything connected with electricity while:

Standing on a wet floor.

Taking a bath.

Touching radiators, piping or other plumbing.

2.—Never use of molded composition or porcelain sockets in bathrooms, basements and all other damp locations. Use wall switches where possible. Appointed sockets of molded composition or metal sheath porcelain are recommended for use with extension cords.

3.—Never leave electric iron on anything that will burn. Always use the metal stand or rest that is provided. Do not use hand irons or toasters to warm beds in the winter. Fires may be started by such misapplication of these devices.

4.—Extension cords for connecting electrical household appliances or lamps should be handled carefully so as not to injure the protective covering of wires. Have cords removed or replaced when they become worn. You cannot depend upon defective cords. Long extension cords are unsightly as well as unsafe.

5.—Do not use your electrical equipment for playful experimenting or practical joking.

6.—Additional wiring in your house should be installed only by a responsible electrician. Your best insurance against fire and accidents is good wiring.

7.—If a fuse, the electrical safety valve, blows out, you are shortcircuiting your wiring system or using a defective appliance. The trouble is not corrected by replacing a larger fuse. A fuse of the proper size is protection against fire or accidents. Ascertain and correct the trouble before putting in a new fuse.

8.—Overcurrent outlets should be installed for connecting portable appliances. These have receptacles or outlets are no longer approved. Where they exist make them permanently with detachable screw base section of attachment plug or have

your electrician replace them. This will prevent inquisitive children from making accidental contact with exposed carrying parts.

9.—Place outdoor aerials to one side and not crossing over or under power supply wires. A radio aerial which has fallen against power wires is probably alive, regardless of weatherproof covering or power wires. Disconnect power supply from your radio before you do any work on your set.

10.—Fallen wires on streets or highways may be alive. Avoid them. Notify the electric light and power company.

Furnished the Press.

The man before the magistrate was a stranger in the village, and he was most insistent that he should suffer the baptism of his present position.

"The mountable means very certain about everything connected with my case," he answered, "and there's one weak point in his defense. Why does he not tell his fellowmen to corroborate what he says?"

"There's only one mountable strangled in this village," said the officer.

"But I saw you last night," indignantly asserted the prisoner.

"Gently!" agreed the policeman. "That's the charge against you."



Margie Scott is the two-year-old daughter of Marion Scott, the Dutch actress.



John O'Brien and Miss Irene Hoback were taken just after the wedding. They went to Boston and New York on their honeymoon trip. They received many valuable gifts, including a quilt of Lady Pepperell sheets and pillow cases given by the employees of 194.

MANAGER GRIFFIN CLAIMS PEPPERELL BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Manager Elmer Griffin, of the Lawrence baseball team, is claiming the championship of the Pepperell Parks, and with good reason. On July 1, arrangements were made with George Lewis for a game to be played at Biddeford on Saturday, July 11. On July 8, Manager Griffin got in touch with Lewis to find out what time the game was to be played, when the Biddeford manager announced that the game would have to be called off because his team had disbanded. The Lexington manager, extremely anxious for his tall runner to do battle with their Biddeford rivals, then got in touch with Kevin Tamm, sporting editor at Biddeford, only to be informed that the time was now too short to arrange a game for the 11th. This

announcement was a decided shock to all of the Biddeford baseball enthusiasts who had looked forward to their diamond stars administering a sound defeat to the Biddeford aggregation.

However, Manager Griffin now feels that he has a clear case to the claimability of the Pepperell Parks, as well as to the local baseball honors.

What Size

Thirty years ago, of Mataduro, when the late William Howard Taft was made Civil Governor of the Philippines Islands by President McKinley, he was a stock lawyer and hospital man than he was as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He had been in the Philippines three years when President Roosevelt requested that he resign and take the post of Secretary of War. On his way from the West coast to Washington, his train stopped at a tank town on the edge of the desert to add water. Mr. Taft stepped out on the platform to stretch his legs. The day was hot and humid, as summer days are in the desert, and his collar was tilted to the convenience of a ditch-rat that had just finished his job at the kitchen sink. Distinctly opposite the station was a general store and through the dusty window could be seen a display of goods that included collars. It occurred to Mr. Taft that a fresh collar might deepen some of the wrinkles that seemed about his body. The conductor suggested that he had time enough to do a bit of shopping as he passed over. "I want a collar," said Mr. Taft. The drowsy clerk wiped his eyes, though he did not distinctly hear the conductor's question to the station. "What size?" he asked with about as much enthusiasm as might be expected at that place and season. "Twenty-one," replied Mr. Taft. The clerk selected his last of tobacco from the left in his right pocket. "Don't keep that pipe," he advised. Thus removing the red pouch from his left pocket and letting his apidids down, he retorted, "but I reckon they won't prove this in the store. Back down about the street." Thanking him for the information, Mr. Taft stepped out and walked four doors down the street. It was a lonesome stop.



Here we see a new picture of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lefever, Miss Laverne Lefever and William Lefever, all of whom died recently.

SISTER BECKY

"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?"

"Yes, ma'am," panted Gillie Strong.

"Why is it you are suddenly telling about it?"

"Well," replied Shultz, "I saw him out a party in the hotel bar on Court Street, and then he looked up at the clock on the library building and said, 'Gosh! I've lost ten pounds weight!'"

THEN WAR STARTED

"Yes, sir, I believe big wars are often caused by the smallest matters," continued Old Man Jones. "Things that a fellow lawyer don't consider to a client will sometimes give rise to a number of trouble. Well, just the night my wife was working over a new wool pattern and she looked up and said, 'What a terrible stamp!' and I said 'Eww.' And there was another big war on."

Wanted Protection

"Officer, you'd better look me up, dash hit my wife over the head with a stick."

"Did you kill her?"

"Don't think so. Think why I want to be looked up."

A Male Godiva

Judge (to officer who had arrested witness for walking in public without clothes) — "What's the charge, officer?"

Officer—"Impersonating a woman."

Obliging

Officer of the Law—"Here, you needn't accompany me."

Drunken Bachelor—"All right. What the same thing?"

Cornered

The attorney conducting the cross-examination had given disgruntled with the evasive answers of the witness.

"Answer my question yes or no," he demanded.

"Your question can't be answered yes or no," replied the witness.

"Any question can be answered yes or no," ejaculated the lawyer. "Ask one and I'll prove it."

The witness replied: "Have you quit beating your wife?"



This is a good picture of Gwendolyn Lefever's father and mother. Gwendolyn works in 13-E.

CARDING 17-3

By KIRKLAND

Mr. Amosine Hamel, after spending a much needed vacation of four weeks, has returned to work. We are glad to see you back, Pete.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Ann Gougeon has gone to the Trusk Hospital. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

Quite a few girls continued into the matrimonial Misses lately. Miss Mary Conway is now Mrs. Harry Hall, and Miss Yvonne Bowditch is now Mrs. Yvesse Beaubien. We wish you all a very happy married life.

Our Overseer, Mr. Fred A. Jewell, is not only a bowler, but is also quite a gardener. He is already harvesting some of his cabbages.

Any one desiring to learn a few lessons in gardening ought to make an appointment with our overseer.

Our general second-hand, Mr. Spencer, is out on the farm every night.

Talking about strawberry pie, I think that there is no one in this Department that can compare with those of Mrs. Elizabeth Parent. They are simply wonderful.

To all of the new help in this department, we bid you a welcome to the Pepperell family.

Wonder who the boy friend is that Maid of 17-3 is after in Boston. I hope you are not thinking of getting married. Take my advice; stay as you are at the present time.

Talking about fishing trips, our time-keeper, Mr. Seldon Emery, Esq., is a great fisherman, as well as a noted base-ball player. Lately, "Sally" goes fishing and comes back unhooked. What is the matter, Sally, no bait, or no luck?

George C. of 16-3 seems to be down-hearted lately. Is it because she is gone or what? Don't be like that, George, there are plenty of others waiting for you.

About time some of the girls in this Department should bring up the subject of a shore dinner, and I hope it goes through. Don't forget to extend some invitations so the writer is quite good around the table.

After an absence of many years from the Pepperell, Miss Frances Mayo is back



Thompson's Camp at the mouth of the Songo River.

with us. We are glad to welcome old faces back.

Monie F., Mary X., of 16-2, Nellie D., of 16-1 are still in the ranks of the old maidens. That's it, girls,—keep it up.

JOKES

A1: "I saw where you are putting up a new building?"

William: "Sure, we only put up new buildings."

Henry: "If you've spotted the man that has stolen your car why don't you get it back?"

Simone: "The waiting for him to put on a new set of tires."

BOXING
By EDWARD TROTTER

Mrs. "Tex" Trotter is to run boxing shows at Prospect Park for the remainder of the summer. She plans to put on some good bouts, if the fans will stand behind her. She is planning a match with Ted Drew, light-weight champion of Maine, with some strong opponent, August 7, at the Park.

Among the base-ball players working in the Pepperell and playing ball locally are "Sally" Emery, with St. Joseph's Indians; Leo Collier, with the Belmonts; Cassavant and Jerry Twomey, with the De-lorges A. C. Ball players are plentiful this year in the Twin cities. A good Pepperell team this year, and a large opponent, would give the fans a real base-ball season. Let's hope the conditions are better next year, and a real base-ball league starts with the Pepperell as one of the leaders.

One of the leading pitchers and hitters of the State Valley League is Ernest Staples of the State team, which is in third place. Staples has proved to be a real diamond. He was formerly with the Pepperell for the past four years.

Jerry Buckley and his running mate, H. P. Murphy, have a challenge to any base-ball pitcher in the plant. This would be for the championship. Jerry and his sidekick have been practicing severely, and are all set to go any time now.

Wonder what all the excitement was in front of Liggett's Drug Store, Pepperell recently. Art Jack, as known,

Michael J. Morgan, Superintendent of the Piedmont Homestead and Park Association, the Rolling Woods from Five Points, claim they have the earliest ever. Both claim the same day, Wednesday, July 23. There has been an inspection at both places.



This is a good picture of Lester Gauthier, the new foreman in 17-1. In order to accommodate his friends, Lester is willing that his picture be cut from this page, and properly framed.



Look at the Songo River

PEPPERELL SHEET

GOLD STAR SAFETY CONTEST—1931

1931	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Biddeford	5.4	2.3	2.9	5.0	2.5	0.5						
Lewiston	1.7	0.0	3.4	0.0	0.0	0.0						
Fall River	2.7	0.0	2.6	2.5	5.1	0.0						

APRIL

Lewiston wins! Another goose egg for Biddeford. Fall River comes right along in second place. Biddeford is trailing badly this year—as far. But here's a little secret. The biggest mill isn't planning to let these little ones run too far away. Biddeford plans to show that she can attend to Safety in a big way.

From Fall River comes this news: Mr. Dunlap, Superintendent, is on the war-path for sure, now, and Fall River is determined to show Lewiston and Biddeford some speed in the coming months. Every possible safety effort is being expended and we expect to hang up a row of hen's eggs on that accident score board.

OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

Eight last time accidents occurred in Biddeford.

One man dropped a beam on his foot and has been out of work for the entire month. There were two things wrong. The truck being used for hauling these beams was not properly designed for the work and the man did not use sufficient care.

A man strained his shoulder while hitting with a heavy hammer and lost twelve days. The man's own physical condition seems the chief cause here. Perhaps he shouldn't have been allowed to do such heavy work. Another possibility is that he had arthritis, or pleurisy or some such ailment, but in that case, of course, he would not report it as an accident and help spot the mill's record.

Another man claims a hernia from picking loose woolings from the floor. The employees of many plants are required to have physical examinations in order to see that such accidents are not likely to happen. Men who have a weakness for insects are not put on heavy jobs.

A spinner slipped and fell into the flyers on her frame. She evidently had been working on the back and, being anxious to save time, reached for the spinner while running toward the end of the frame rather than walking until she had come into the flyers. She missed the spinner and fell on the flyers, losing five days trying to save a few minutes.

Another spinner slipped on some starch on the floor and lost more than nine days. This starch had leaked down through the floor of the Statler room above. Some stain will be there, so prevent starches from the machines, which will shorten this time.

A woman is working a night shift as she hasn't caught the blues on the day shift and doesn't feel bad in the meantime.

The remedy for such name is simply greater care.

A paper, in recording an old play, got where the main title came incongruously. He lost two days. All we can say here is that repair and maintenance men should always be watching the machinery. They should be like the doctor's practice who started off with a patient. Physicians and dentists, like police, is probably a powerful service to humanity. The public is far

from as undiscernable. The desire to explain the inexplicable, and the desire to uncover the unscrutable!

A worker going for a drink fell on the floor with a glass in her hand and received a bad cut. Apparently the floor was in good condition, but perhaps she wasn't paying quite enough attention to what she was doing.

At Lewiston there were no last time accidents.

Fall River's chances for a clean slate in April were blotted by Frank Teixeira, who lost one week's time as a result of sticking a dingle wire in his finger. Frank is a boom fixer.

MAY

Lewiston is certainly clicking off the goose eggs.

Biddeford comes along in second place and Fall River takes a bad sharp.

So far, Lewiston is leading by a substantial margin in the pair's race and hopes to hang up a record that will be hard to beat.

OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

The following accidents occurred at Biddeford:

Jeanette Trapp, who works in 14-2, cut her hand while darning and lost four days.

Pierre Langlois of 15-2 cut his hand while working on a boom. The cut became infected and Pierre has lost considerable time.

Eve Cright had both her legs injured when a beam rolled off a truck that was being pulled by Conrad Ballougeon.

Frank Murphy nearly lost his life on the elevator in the blanket mill. He opened the gates and walked in on the hatch cover so one of the elevator men was closing down.

It was, and if the hatch cover had not been strong enough to support the elevator, he would have been crushed to death. P. W. Gossard, positioned in saving his life by holding the hatch cover back, to keep him from being crushed, until he could be released. Frank is now waiting for broken ribs to heal.

This accident occurred at Fall River which caused loss of time.

JUNE

Again Lewiston comes through. Out of six months—four were with three accidents in a row. This is a mighty fine record.

Fall River comes through with a score to beat in second place because of three injuries.

Biddeford is right at the door, shooting the month record from the others and is second with three places.

The competition seems to be getting keen. Keep it the good work!

OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

One accident reported at Biddeford, Mrs. Palermo, who works in 15-2, came around the corner into the corridor at 12:20 and was hit by the lunch cart. She is now

suffering from broken bones in his foot. An iron rail has been placed in front of this corner so that a person will be able to see up the runway before he steps out into the passage. I think that everyone will admit that this rail is a mighty fine safety device.

A Driver Isn't a Passenger

Many of us can remember the days when going more than 15 miles an hour was speeding—even on country roads. Going at that crazy speed through a village meant being pinched by the constable and assessed a fine by the local justice.

But now anyone who drives on a paved highway at less than 25 miles an hour is likely to receive unkind words from fellow travelers. Speeds of 45 miles an hour or



more are usual on the main roads and the sightseeing motorist is likely to block traffic.

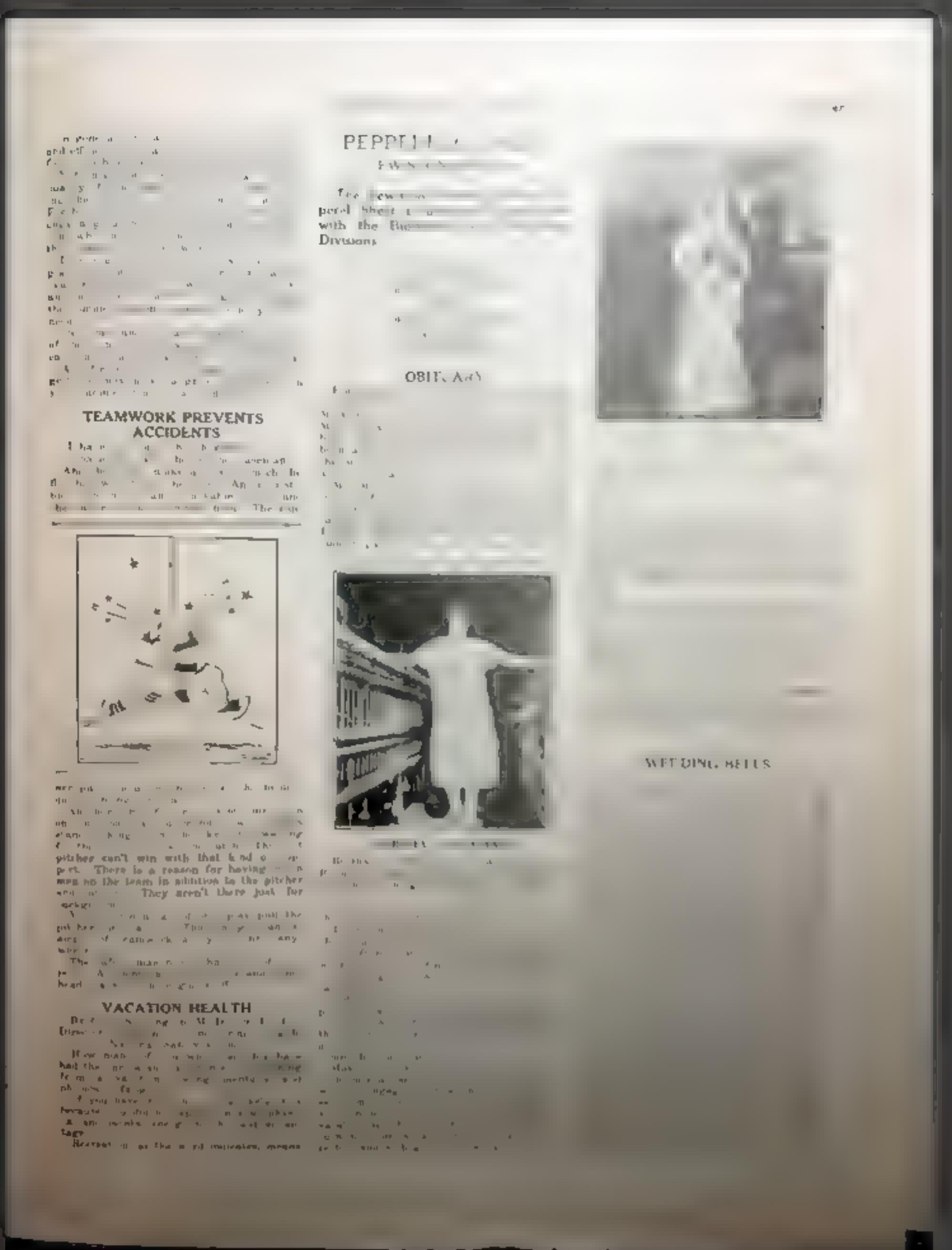
That means that driving has become a serious business. When 15 miles an hour was fast driving and half the population wasn't out on the roads there was opportunity to observe the scenery. At 45 miles the only landscape the driver can watch is the sky of concrete ahead of him. And this is liable to happen if his attention keeps wandering to the distant hills or to the billboards where a gaudy female advertising coyote or virgin calls.

The only drivers who can enjoy the scenery are the buck-tooth variety. Those who hold the steering wheel can't be passengers.

SUMMER DIET

By C. D. Sargent, M. D., Dr. P. H. Director, Division of Industrial Health, National Safety Council

There is only one other subject about which there is more ignorance and misinformation than the subject of diet, and that is religion. That is not surprising, in view of the lack of scientific knowledge. Only a few simple principles will be explained in this short article. Common sense should be your best guide. Common-sense advice is different at summer, children are different from winter children, and for the same reason: condition and efficiency.



PEPPERMINT

By Steve

The newsworthy
period sheet to
with the Big
Divisions

OBITUARY



WEDDING BELLES



and off to the side
the other day
was a little
bit of a surprise.
I was
lucky enough to
have been invited
to the
party
of the
year.
The
party
was
held
at
the
home
of
my
best
friend
and
her
husband.
The
party
was
a
success
and
I
had
a
great
time.

TEAMWORK PREVENTS ACCIDENTS

I have been working
on a project for a while now.
It's been a lot of work, but I'm
glad to say that it's almost finished.
The last few days have been a bit
tough, but I'm getting there.



After a long day of work, I decided
to take a break and go for a walk.
I was walking along the beach when I saw
a pitcher. I thought it was a good idea to
pitcher. There is a reason for having a
pitcher, and that reason is to help the
team. They aren't there just for
work.

After a long day of work, I decided
to take a break and go for a walk.
I was walking along the beach when I saw
a pitcher. I thought it was a good idea to
pitcher. There is a reason for having a
pitcher, and that reason is to help the
team. They aren't there just for
work.

VACATION HEALTH

Dr. Steven M. Dill
Director of the National
Health and Safety Council
How many of us have ever had
the pleasure of traveling
from a vacation destination to
another?

If you have, you know how
it can be. Because you don't want
to get sick during your vacation.

Remember that the most important thing

Two

PEPPEREL SHEET



DE BARR

MANAGER GRIFFIN ACCEPTS
DEFT OF BIDDEFORD
BASEBALL TEAM
Ready To Play Biddeford, Fall River,
Londonderry, or Any Industrial
Team in Country

which was hustled
in behalf of the
measures the
pressure the
F. C. S.
F. C. S.



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is that have perhaps
had their share. Those

CLOSED FOLDING ROOM

HERB & A 11



WHITE FOLDING RO

It looks like a shore thing between the
AFL-CIO and the Teamsters. The young couple seem
quite receptive.

Edwin Martin attended the Pigeon
Festival.

Arthur Lester, mortored to Lisbon recently. Arthur is a bear for long trips.
Lithuania at the Richard Head verdict

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OFFICE MEM



PEPF READER

GENRES MTT

AN INSTRUMENT

VERSATILE ARMY

FACE HER TOWARDS RENO

Bill Leger Is One of Our Best Fishermen

AT THE CIRCUS

...and here's another from the same
Author of "GAY PLACES".
Wanders out of easy land
And on a swinging wife,
Like a white mountain goat
She goes up and down the steep
Hills of her home.
The author is very
Well known among his
Theatre friends.
With a poem made of pure
Sue endings and pictures, Bill Leger

NATURALLY

The important thing is to address
The author of "GAY PLACES".

SPEAKING UP TO MA

MEMOIRS OF A PARSON

INNOCENT CO-ED

ROYALTY UNEMPLOYED
Kings have been out of a job before our
King, but we can't believe the following
verses from "A Handful of Sovereigns",
recently published by the Medici Society.

HIS LIFE'S HISTORY
Rather you're the life of Stephen,
Than I am a whale.

DEPENDABLE SLENDER



This is our little Mary with her new husband, Alfred Lamarr. They were married the 2nd of June. We wish them luck and happiness.

to do something, as a certain young man likes to read when he parks.

We hope that Frank has decided to buy a baby carriage in place of the much used stroller car.

We were sorry to hear that Lee and Rand's song and dance did not take so well. We understand that Mrs. Couture knows why.

We are sorry we cannot mention Blanche any more in the "Sheet." You know she has been trouble, and we are afraid of ill effects.

Sincere wishes for a long and prosperous life to Mr. and Mrs. Nadeau.

SPOOL ROOM

The girls from the Spool Room were very nervous at the banquets. You had better hurry and do your stuff, girls.

Some certain persons in very anxious to know what kind of a girl Miss Lorraine is. Perhaps a hint of love?

These seem to be getting ready to go to many of her girl friends' weddings. We are all waiting to go to yours, too.

Anna was occupied at least two hours each week. You better not reduce my time.

Don't forget, girls, we also have our own anniversary parties; we're very York and entirely you.

All the girls from the spool room are getting their hair cut. Who's the beautician? Well, all will be pleased to patter her.

Cheer up, Phil, Lettie, Jerry, Joe, come on.

CARDING DEPARTMENT

Holiday

After reading a winter under a blizzard of snow the great mysterious carding forms again make the appearance. After being passed and checked all the cards to bear in the process of the winter while the local stores are sold out there the local carding begins. From October December like a new nation.



Introducing Yvonne Bordeleau, who has been granted Miss September. At last she has made up her mind to be the bride, as here she is.

CLOTH ROOM

The first get-together of the spring was held by the girls of the Cloth Room at the Eagle Restaurant Tuesday, April 26.

The table was decorated with bowls of candy and yellow peacock feathers which add dancing follows, a delicious chicken dinner. While waiting for the girls to start eating a few impromptu activities were introduced. Mrs. Eastman's interpretation of a New York street was especially well rendered. Anne Fairbanks' solo, "Whispering in the Dark," was also very well done.

Although the party was entirely friendly the feelings were not forgotten. The chosen basket was passed and given to the following morning.

The winners at cards were: Vida Quigley, first; second prize went to Jessie Miller; third prize to Anna Dodge.

The winners at checkers were: Jessie Miller, first; Della Quigley, second; and Mary McLeod, third. Elsa Travis won the roulette game and the grand prize went to Elsa Anderson.

Much credit is due Kino for her untiring efforts which made the evening a success.

John Purdon spoke the rock and roll in favor of the Old Lady Laundry presentation.

The music of the band was also enjoyed.

Gladys Carling is still on the sick list, but is convalescing. She part in a craft fair

afternoon with her daughter, Mary J. Bell, the HAC. Gladys, Mary and the mother were invited from Boston and at this same time would begin the thought for a craft exhibition. Gladys was also present yesterday.

Mrs. Eastman's son was graduated from the former hospital on May 16th

and a party of the girls attended the ceremony. The women made a pretty picture

as they started through their grand affair in their white uniforms and hats, gold ropes thrown over their shoulders, shooting the red carpet, and an arm bouquet of American Beauty rosebuds. Doris worked with us at one time and our hearts wished to be her too.

Have you seen Elsa staggering into the room under the weight of her large bags? Too many. There are many baskets made by her own mother. Everyone holds their breath, hoping that some will be for them.

Our hard-working boy a new diamond in the Harry Stage of his left hand. Good luck, Ed!

Wanted—a cheerleader to drive a Chevrolet. Should be very useful—apply to Mr. Action.

Wanted—a back scratcher. For further information, see Grace Moffat.

SPORTS

A bit late, but born nevertheless, is the news of the surfing match between Biddeford and Falmouth.

Biddeford

	1	2	Total
C. Evans	70	80	150
G. Morris	80	120	200
W. Gosselin	80	120	200
E. Lorraine	80	120	200
D. Farny	80	120	200
P. Morris	80	120	200

Falmouth

	1	2	Total
W. Morris	70	120	190
R. Morris	80	120	200
P. Morris	80	120	200
E. Morris	80	120	200
G. Morris	80	120	200

It was a very well played match, and the Biddeford men deserve a great deal of credit for playing with a type of pin which they do not use up in their home town. The success of the Maine team was dependent upon the all-around ability of their men. They were well balanced and had a great deal of power in all boxes.

The main point of the game was not the victory, however. It was the fine sportsmanship that was exhibited. It is just this that we need to get better acquainted with the Maine division of the plant. We sure did appreciate having these men come down and visit us, even though they did take the baron back with them.

I understand that the two Maine divisions have baseball teams. That is fine, for there is no better sport in the world for a plant to have than a team representing the national pastime. It is indeed unfortunate that we, here, do not have any, but we are a bit too small as yet, and the time is not ripe for us to have a team. But we are hoping that in the very near future the conditions will allow us to have some sort of a representative team that can meet the Maine teams on the diamond.

The one sport that our employees can enjoy is swimming. The way that the hot spells have hit Fall River it seems that this sport is more popular than ever before, nor can any one imagine a more delightful way of getting away from the heat than to jump into the cool waters that surround our pleasant city. There is Batterson, Newport, the Taunton River, the Mattapoisett Pond, and innumerable places not very far from the city where good swimming can be enjoyed.

For baseball lovers—here is a tip. There is an excellent lounge in Fall River, and that is down at the North Park. The teams there have exhibited some of the best baseball in years. It will be well worth the while of any one to go down there any night in the week to see these teams play.

Also, here is another tip, but this time it is for swimmers. Don't get accustomed too quickly. It is better not to get burned at all, than to get too well done. It acts much in the same way as when you are trying to cook a flavoring dish. If it is overdone you don't like it as well, so it is the same with your body. If it gets too brown, it will cause a shock to your nervous system, and the result may be dangerous.

NEWSY NED'S COLUMN

It seems to me that I've every time this month in giving some of the last news that I've ever been allowed to print. But here is it, whether it is right, or whether you like it or not.

The Biddeford Bowlers came down into our own backyard and visited us, just as they did when we went up to Biddeford. The only difference was that they came out of just 4-strings because of that they could carry a better sounding team than we have. Still they must be more than satisfied, for we have the best team in the world. And that's that.

What pleased me more than anything was the good feeling that was shown by the publications that were brought along. This because of the manifold forms. They arrived in time for a Picnic and were entertained at a meeting at a concert hall that was held in the Eagle Auditorium. The dinner was fine and so was the program. I noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Kieck, and Mr. and Mrs. Drane were there, and that they were sent over to the Fairies, looking always to witness the picnic. I also under-



Introducing Rosaline, right, and Emma, left. Rosaline is now Mrs. Jose Coelho.

It is for the sport writer to tell you, and he will, for I saw him there, even though he was carefully hidden behind a smoke screen of that brand of cigarettes which tell you to keep kissable.

The only thing that marred the evening beside the rain on Central Street was the decent given our boys by Biddeford. But such is such and is and, if you don't believe me, ask Webster.

But it sure was swell.

I was surprised the other day when I came into the yard to see a bunch of fishermen hunting for right crabs in the daytime. I immediately made it my business to telephone to the Fishing Commission and tell them about the breach of etiquette. But they wouldn't listen, so I had to hide my irritation in my back pocket and let them go in it. But I simply overflowed when they started to dig up all the grass, and then started to tear down the poles. If Mr. Kieck wanted to let this thing happen right under his own eyes I wasn't the one to interfere, but I was thinking about the grass. Imagine growing for three and four years and then being torn up by a bunch of fishermen. Then I thought of the worms—having to leave their old home to please a bunch of oil chasers. I just made it my business to run in to Mr. Kieck, and what do you think I found out? Well, much to my embarrassment, I found out that these men were arranging things so that we can have a garden. You know, one of those things where there are all sorts of beautiful flowers. And there can't be anything more delightful than the perfect blending of nature's colors, and the fragrance that will greet you as you enter the yard. It'll make you live to come into the yard and sorry to leave at night. I could kick myself when I found that these men were not fishermen. Then I was told that I had said several months ago in this column that there was going to be a garden in the yard. And so I did, but—I'm so fast that I'm always ahead of myself, and usually forget before the thing happens. But hurrah for the Garden. I just let dem.

Mr. Dunlap was chairman of the evening, and what a chairman he was. He should make a habit of dinner speeches. He started off the festivities without a quiver, and laid on in the style of a perfect evening before we could hardly realize it. Mr. Loomis Kieck welcomed the strong-armed men and called attention to the boating pins which decorated the tables. After he had finished with his eloquent remarks Mr. Dunlap uncovered a program that will be hard to equal.

The star of the evening was the inimitable four-year-old son of Mr. Ernest Whalen.

For his first song he sang "When I Take My Suger to You." Later he sang "The King's Horseman." He also tap danced.

There are not enough words in the dictionary to explain the ability of this young gentleman. Just believe me when I say he was marvelous and more than excellent.

The crowning peak of the evening—for this was when Mr. Dunlap presented him with a toy automobile.

Another fine addition to the program was the excellent tenor singing of young Mr. Moffit. He rendered "Sweet Mystery of Life" and "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling." He also had the pleasure of rendering the Pepperell Guards' x-waiting. They were neatly dressed, and looked as fine as their dancing. I hoped that I would be able to see them dance longer, but alas! That, but still adding to the enjoyment of the program, were the Pepperell Guards, who sang "Ring-a-Ding-Ding." They also sang a trio with Mr. Moffit.

In the middle of the evening was a waltz. But the dances were not the Pepperell Guards, and plenty of time to get out of the Pepperell Guards. Well, we were not lets the rainy evening and made up our way over Main Street, and down Central Street to the Alhambra. When we got there the management had placed chairs around the outer aisle so that all the invited guests could watch the match. I must warn you that the bowling was fine but the result and scores is not too nice.

PROOF OF VALOR

"When we were married I thought you were a brave man."

"He did all my friends."

ETHIRKED THE UNREADY

Paul Ethirkef he couldn't get a job. He studied the advertisements and couldn't find a thing. People wanted parlormen and all sorts of trash. They even wanted "Old False Teeth for Cack."

But nobody wanted a king.

Sam—"I see where spring has come to Chicago."

Tommy—"How's that?"

Sam—"It says here in the paper that there was a robust theme."

PEPPERELL SHEET

THE PEPPERELL MURDER CASE

Below you will read the conclusion of the famous Pepperell Murder Case. The facts of the mystery are easily summed. A man identified as Lucien Desrochers was found dead in the Mill Yard, his features were shot away by what was turned to nothing. Falmouth Police Search, the experts brought in on the crime as a carved-off short-gum. The famous criminologist took over the case and did a good deal of questioning. For while it looked as if Ernest Whalen, Henry Knapp, and James Quatela might have something to do with the case, but the detective finally established their innocence. Furthermore, the suspicious seemed to be all in the air, for nothing can be solved. Even the long claw fingered shadow that sweeps over the Mill Yard is impossible to be diagnosed. It is terrifying the employees in the plant. For a while it seemed as if Edgerton Falls Brook was proving nothing. Then came the evening when he said that the GHOST of Lucien Desrochers would walk. It did show over the roof of No. 1 Mill. The detective shot in the air above the GHOST and ran over, followed by Mr. Adams and the Police Captain. On reaching the top floor of the works, the detective pulled in what was thought to be a GHOST. It was Lucien Desrochers, all right, but he was alive.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY

"Ha, ha," laughed the criminologist, rubbing his long bony hands in satisfaction, "now we have you, Mr. Desrochers. What have you to say for yourself?" Edgerton Falls Brook shot out the last question as if he sent it from a gun.

"That's that, I guess," gasped the nervous criminal. The eyes of the detective glinted in the dull lamplight. "Where?" he demanded.

Lucien Desrochers pointed to the roof. The detective was off with a bound. "Take care of him," he muttered as he ran. Some hours later at the time was screaming into the Pepperell office, Edgerton Falls Brook was already roared through to tell Mr. Adams the facts of the case that had been keeping the Pepperell Plant in such an uproar for so many weeks.

The detective sat back comfortably in the carved chair. Between puffs on his long-stemmed pipe he told the story.

You know, Mr. Adams, it made me think when I first saw the whitened body. It is very rare that a person takes the chance of being caught by getting close enough to him the first few days after. Now the body was found when the employees were going home from work. In order for a man to be killed the way this man was, it is necessary to get very close to the victim. In such a crowd it would have been almost impossible for the man to have been caught. That there was the repeat. But the flesh of the poor man from a spot some miles away from where the body was found. This was all very peculiar. I, therefore, made a very close examination of the body and the Mill Yard. It was on the request of the post that I found the remains of a corpse that makes the same name, and from that a few days, I then decided that it must have been thrown from some somewhere by means of a person that the poor had been sent from that someone. But for why? Well, it is very simple. He could have had his face shot away from that distance. The however, wanted to penetrate the Mill Yard so that they would make a greater and much easier what they did. They dumped the corpse some yards from from the victim; so now as the



Manned Perry of the Carding Department.

port came they let the victim drop to the ground. There was no way holding this man up. Mr. Clark, the wounded man was dead before that torpedo ever landed. In the confusion the man who carried him in made a quick getaway.

It was nearly impossible for the wife and relatives of Mr. Desrochers that they thought him to be dead. They must have suffered a great deal as this man was held prisoner by those relatives. For that is just what these relatives were. They are a New York gang that has tried to do this whole job. And here is the story from the very beginning. When I examined the woods in the fact of the wounded man I knew I was looking at the work of a New York gang. I have seen their work before, and they are too dark to change their style. I immediately got in touch with my New York associates and set them on the trail. They informed me that Nick Clegg and his henchmen, Eric of Boston and James, were staying for a week. They also found out that Julian Webster, one of Nick's associates, had been missing for some time, and that this gang believed him dead, but they had not been able to find the body. I knew this fellow Webster, and recognized him to be the body found a year ago. Mill Yard never thought he was buried in Mr. Desrochers' clothes. I did not say anything at the time, for I knew that this gang would surely hang themselves if they were allowed enough time.

They were afraid to expose the members of the gang with the evidence they were not to play by the shadow business.

At this statement the blood blazed up. "But why did they want to cover the bodies?" he asked.

"You're too intelligent," snorted back the detective. "We all you know is they were well-to-do men, they left in an idea of having this victim. They wanted someone on the top of No. 2 Mill. By taking somebody they were able to have the right angle to shoot someone from the right angle from a distance. That did not mean that these bad guys did it. He got employed in this plant and was able to do it without suspicion. He did it with the aid of a model. Besides, he had a road going some leading roads which he planned to

travel of this light. It reflected off the mirror over two hundred yards away and was thrown as a shadow down over the Mill Yard. There was no doubt that this caused a great deal of fear among your employees, and I believe their work showed the fact. But, to go on—This plan did not have the desired effect. They had to do something and do it quickly. They could not succeed—if they did that the police would get wise and enter the case—the only way was to scare the employees out of the mill. They, then, hit on the idea of using the GHOST of Lucien Desrochers until I discovered this in a very novel manner. I was up on No. 2 Mill and fall accidentally on these camouflaged mirrors. I knew at once the source of the shadow. By strings I plotted out the angles and in a very short time was able to tell exactly from where the shadow was coming. I turned over there, and found it to be the Weiss House. After the day workers had gone home, I investigated. I found a small scrap of paper with the letters, in which there was a code. I finally deciphered it and found out just the game was going to use the GHOST gag. That was how we came to save Mr. Desrochers from death. They would have used him for a GHOST and they won. If they were ever caught they would have cut the rope and let him fall to the ground. It was a good thing that I shot at the roof that night I killed the one man that was running the poller that held their ghost.

It was a simple matter after we landed Desrochers safely. I had had the yard surrounded by my men, and we captured the gang after a short fight. And now they are all safely within jail."

"But why did they do all this?" asked Mr. Clark again. "They were hired," returned the detective. "A well known cotton manufacturer was afraid of the Pepperell Company, and being unable to break it on the market, he decided to do it by under-handed means. So he hired this gang. They arrived in 1900, and captured Mr. Desrochers with the hopes of being able to make him a slave for destroying cloth, and putting the plant on the well-known fritter. But the clever man could not do it. They then decided to use the same plan. Their boss Adams Webster, whom they had brought as a refugee from New York, was the same size as Desrochers. So they changed clothes, leaving the overseer for later plans. They killed Webster in the car on the way to the mill. One man brought him in the yard. Then they used the torpedo gag, and let the man fall as Lucien Desrochers. It was a well worked plan, and might have worked.

Mr. Adams, your plant is safe, and so are all the people in it. These men would never stop you from breaking it, and us forever."

Edgerton Falls Brook then stood up and moved toward the door. A smile flitted across his face, and thoughts stored in his brain again. He had saved one of the most bad men of his entire career,

THE END.

"Miranda, what are right attitude in life?"

"That's my other life, Miranda."

I was considering to leave when I saw them pass downstairs. He should never be separated, as much as possible.

Harry: "What looks a very big Turkey."

James: "A Turkey, usually?"

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